

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 59.—No. 18.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1881.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

First Appearance this Season of *Mdme Albani*.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 30th, will be performed
VERDI's Opera, "RIGOLETTO." Gilda, *Mdme Albani*; Maddalena, *Mdme Scatchi*; Rigolotto, *Signor Sante Athos*; Sparafucile, *Signor Silvestri*; and Il Duca, *Signor Marini*. Conductor—*Signor BEVIGNANI*.

Mdme Sembrich.

MONDAY next, May 2nd, *DONIZETTI's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."* Lucia, *Mdme Sembrich*; Enrico, *Signor Sante Athos*; and Edgardo, *Signor Marini*.

Second Appearance this Season of *Mdme Albani*.—First Appearance of *Mdme Trebelli*.

TUESDAY next, May 3rd, *GOUNOD's Opera, "FAUST E MARGHERITA."* Margherita, *Mdme Albani*; Siebel, *Mdme Trebelli*; Méfistofele, *M. Gailhard*; and Faust, *M. Vergnet*. Conductor—*M. DUPONT*.

THURSDAY next, May 5th (Subscription Night, in lieu of Saturday, August 5th), *MEYERBEER's Grand Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS."* Valentino, *Mdme de Reszké*; Margherita di Valois, *Mdme Sembrich*; Urbano, *Mdme Scatchi*; Conte di San Bris, *Signor de Reszké*; Conte di Nevers, *Signor Cotogni*; Marcello, *M. Grosse* (his first appearance in England); and Raoul di Nangis, *Signor Mierzewski* (his second appearance in England).

Doors open at Eight o'clock; the Opera commences at Half-past.
The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five.
Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT.—MR MANNS has the honour to announce that, by the kind permission of the Directors, his **ANNUAL BENEFIT** will take place This Day (SATURDAY), April 30th, at Three o'clock. The programme will include two new Overtures (Brahms); Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, No. 5, in E flat (Beethoven); Adagio, Scene d'Amour, and Scherzo, "La Reine Mab," *Romeo et Juliette* (Berlioz); Petite Polka, "Chinoise" (Rossini). The following artists have kindly given their valuable assistance: *Mdme Mantilla* (of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, by permission of Mr Ernest Gye), *Miss Hope Glenn*, *Signor Perugini* (of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden) (by permission of Mr Ernest Gye), and other vocalists. Solo Violin—*Mdme Beate Labach* (her first appearance in England). Solo Pianoforte—*Mr Franz Rummel*. Conductor—*MR AUGUST MANNS*. Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d.; Unnumbered Seats, 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

SATURDAY NEXT.

MORNING BALLAD CONCERT.

MORNING BALLAD CONCERT.—ST JAMES'S HALL.
Mr JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce a Ballad Concert on SATURDAY Morning, May 7th, at Three o'clock. Artists:—Miss Mary Davies and Miss Clara Samuel, *Mdme Antoinette Sterling* and *Mdme Patey*; Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Joseph Mass, Mr Santley and Mr Maybrick. The South London Choral Association of 60 voices, under the direction of Mr L. O. Venables. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

MR GEORGE GEAR'S CONCERT, FRIDAY next, May 6th, ST GEORGE'S HALL, at Three o'clock. Miss E. Brandon, Miss C. Fuller, *Mdme Mary Cummings*, and Mr B. Lane. Violin—*Signor Erba*. Harp—*Herr Oberthür*. Pianoforte—*Mr George Gear*. Accompanist—*Mr H. Parker*. Tickets—10s. 6d., 7s., 5s., 3s., and 1s., at St George's Hall, and of Mr G. GEAR, 65, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MR GEORGE GEAR will perform Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, Schubert's Rondo Brilliant in B minor, for pianoforte and violin; Mozart's Rondo in A (with *Signor Erba*), and his own Valse Fantastique, at his Concert, St George's Hall, on May 6th.

GLASGOW CITY HALL.—SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The Twenty-eighth Season commences in September. Mr AIRLIE, the Secretary, will be in London on 6th May, for Ten Days, and may be communicated with at Matcham's Hotel, 8, Arundel Street, Strand.

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THIS DAY.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play at **Madame St Germaine's** Matinée, in Holland Road, Kensington, This Day (Saturday), April 30th, at Three o'clock, works by Corelli, J. Raff, and also one or two Pieces by Miscellaneous Masters, including her own "Maiden's Dream."
38, Oakley Square.

NOTICE.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERINGTON begs to announce that she will RETURN to London early in May, and requests all letters to be addressed to Mr KEPPEL, 221, Regent Street, W.

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"KILLARNEY."

MISS BEATA FRANCIS will sing BALFE's popular Ballad, "KILLARNEY," at the Concert to be given at St James's Hall, on May 4th, in aid of the South African Relief Fund.

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"SOMEBODY KNOWS!" By SAINTON-DOLBY. Words by EDWARD OXFORD. Song by MADAME ENRIQUEZ, with immense success and always encores.—KFFEL & Co., 221, Regent Street, London.

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Do. do. do. ... W. Russell	Do. do. do. ... Battiste	Do. do. do. ... Simon Sechter	Do. do. do. ... F. H. Bartholomew
Do. do. do. ... Kittel	Do. do. do. ... A. G. Thiele	Do. do. do. ... F. Archer	
Do. do. do. ... Battiste	Do. do. do. ... F. Peel		
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SONATA FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By STANISLAUS ELLIOT.

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"The composer of this piece, while declining to apologize for its title and design, calls attention to the fact that the greatest classical composers have now and then employed their powers in depicting grotesque and comical scenes and actions; and he goes on to express a wish that composers would use other means than trashy dance tunes and comic songs for the expression of the ludicrous. Dance tunes ought certainly not to be 'trashy.' But if the ludicrous is to be expressed at all in singing, it is difficult to see how it could be more appropriately—or indeed otherwise—expressed than through a comic song. Without following Mr Elliot in his theories on the subject of the comic in music, we may congratulate him on having fairly carried out his main idea, which is to the effect that in music, as in other arts, the comic need not be commonplace nor the ridiculous vulgar. The 'Bicycle Sonata' is in four movements; the first (*allegro*) represents or suggests the bicyclist's first endeavour; the second (*andante*) paints his despair and return; the third (*scherzo*) depicts his second attempt; while in the fourth (*rondo finale*) his ultimate success is celebrated. Mr Elliot writes well for the pianoforte; and though his sonata would have been just as effective if called by any other name, or if not named at all, it is quite possible that its very original title and design may secure for it an extra amount of popularity."—*Pan*.

Just Published.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

THIRD REVERIE FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

(Dedicated by permission to the Rt. Hon. the Countess of CHARLEMONT.)

By

LILLIE ALBRECHT.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"No more graceful and charming composition than the 'Maiden's Dream,' by Lillie Albrecht, has emanated from the prolific pen of this young pianist and composer than this third reverie now under notice. The dainty little piece in G is such a one as may well be dwelt upon for its grace and freshness, and for the tender vein of sentiment which it manifests throughout. The reverie is as well adapted for teaching purposes as it is for performance in the drawing-room."—*The News of the World*.

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NEW SONG BY SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.**NEVER, O LOVE, TILL FOR EVER.**

Words by LOUISA GRAY.

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"The indefatigable Sir Julius, who, whatever may be the duties and responsibilities pressing upon him, in sickness or in health, seems always open to melodic inspiration, and always fit to do truly artistic work, has here set some beautiful words to thoroughly appropriate music. Less than this could scarcely be said, and it would be superfluous to say more."—*Pan*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first appearance of Mme Sembrich for the present season took place on Saturday night, when the accomplished vocalist not only assumed the rôle in which she made her *début* last year, but repeated the success at that time so promptly achieved. It can hardly be necessary to say that she was well received on entering as the unfortunate Bride of Lammermoor, or that her first air drew forth loud applause. The excellence that commanded universal approval when Mme Sembrich first came, sang, and conquered, naturally had a like result on this occasion—less, of course, whatever was originally due to surprise. The lady's performance in the so-called "mad scene" made a great impression, due to remarkable facility in the use of exceptional means. With such power as she possesses, her friends, we are sure, need not organize absurd demonstrations with bouquets and wreaths, which deceive nobody, and do more harm than good to their recipient. Signor Marini was the Edgardo expected by all who knew his capacity, and a *débutant*, Signor Sante Athos, played Enrico with fair success. He must, however, be heard in another part before an opinion as to his quality can be safely given. The general performance of so hackneyed a work as *Lucia* need not be dwelt upon. Signor Bevigiani conducted with his wonted care and skill.

The danger of writing music for a special voice is exemplified in the history of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. No doubt the temptation to do so was great when Adolphe Nourrit flourished on the stage of the Grand Opéra, and the Italian composer can hardly be blamed for yielding to it. Duprez came after Nourrit, and the work for a time did not suffer, but since Duprez few tenors have been found qualified, or if qualified, willing to sing the fatiguing music of Arnold. This, no doubt, explains why *Guillaume Tell* was omitted from the repertory of Mr Gye last season. At present the most masterly of Rossini's operas labours under no such disqualification. In M. Mierzwinsky, about whose Continental reputation we need not speak, the manager possesses an artist well fitted for the rôle of the young Swiss. M. Mierzwinsky appeared as Arnold on Tuesday night with distinct success, due to obvious causes. The *débutant* has a fine stage presence, and in all situations bears himself well. His recognition of dramatic proprieties is greater than that which the general run of lyric artists think it necessary to cultivate, yet he never errs on the side of excessive demonstration. In its lower notes M. Mierzwinsky's voice is so full and robust that the tenor quality merges almost into that of the baritone, while in the higher part of its extensive range the organ is more remarkable for brightness and penetration than for volume. Though unequal, it is a grand voice, and we are bound to add that M. Mierzwinsky uses it unsparingly, although his *mezzo voce*, singularly sweet and pure, would justify more frequent employment. As a matter of course, the artist's energy told well in Arnold's music, particularly in the splendid trio of the second act. Here the famous high C sharp rang out bright and clear above the orchestral din. At other times the new tenor showed that subdued and even pathetic expression lie within his means. In short, whatever may be his claims as a vocalist merely, about his qualifications to tread the modern lyric stage there can arise no doubt. His success with the audience must, we fancy, have satisfied his aspirations. Mlle Valleria appeared for the first time this season, and played the part of Matilda with the charm of manner that, we may well believe, contributed to her recent great success in America. An artist not yet recovered from the effects of a long and tempestuous voyage can scarcely do herself full justice, but Mlle Valleria sang all her music with as much skill as grace, and entered upon the season's work under auspicious conditions. She was loudly applauded at the close of Matilda's air, and again at the end of the duet with Arnold. The cast gained rather than lost by the substitution of Signor Cotogni for Signor Graziani as William Tell. Of late years, the elder baritone lacked vigour, in which quality the younger still abounds. This, and a gallant, manly bearing, enabled Signor Cotogni to present something like an ideal Tell. That he sang capitally, though sometimes with undue force, need not be insisted upon. Signor de Reszké was an excellent Walter; and the parts of Jemmy, Gessler, and a fisherman, were respectively filled by Mlle Velmì, Signor Silvestri and Signor Corsi.

On this occasion the new conductor, M. Dupont, directed the performance. We congratulate Mr Gye upon having secured so

capable a man for the most responsible of all posts in an operatic establishment. M. Dupont showed himself to be a conductor who really conducts. To say that he seemed familiar with every point in the score is, perhaps, but slight praise, but the fact should be mentioned, as also his possession of a power of command and a faculty for securing the wished-for effect such as belong to very few. M. Dupont is singularly quiet in manner, but he is very wide-awake indeed to all that goes on, and the slightest indication of a fault brings him at once to the spot. The long opera, let us add, went throughout with sustained vigour, and the new conductor fairly won his spurs on English ground.—D. T.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.*

To Polkaw.

What shall our mourning nation bring to lay beside the bier
Of him who in his dreamless "sleep" lies pale and silent here?
The reflex of a perfect peace upon his calm, hush'd face,
Where of the years' long struggle now there lingers scarce a trace.
What tributes of her grateful love shall she collect to strew
The grave of the most loyal one of all her noblest True?
In vain she pleaded God to spare, for He hath deem'd it best
To crown e'en now the glorious life, and give the toiler rest.
And so to-day Death's angel came to bear his spirit far,
Folding his burthen tenderly in lustre, like a star—
Now that clear voice unheard must be, thro' all times "evermore,"
That rang out Right's brave challenges to wrong, so oft of yore!
All pulseless, too, the generous heart, erewhile so swift in flow,
Of fervent, earnest effort, fired by zeal devotion's glow!
England bends low above him with a fond, sad, yearning gaze,
Clasping the folded hands that led her safely thro' the maze
Of many a darksome labyrinth to the fair light of success,
With love so faithful, so intense, it could not fail to bless!
O, Queen among the nations, as thou mourning kneelest there,
To deck the "sleeper's" couch of rest, what tributes dost thou bear?
Thy spring-tide blossoms woven as a crown for his dear head!
They'll whisper low "resurgams!" to thee softly, from thy dead.
And gold embroider'd purples hast thou brought as robes meet,
To shroud his pale, cold form within and fold about his feet;
But thy real tribute shall be his when 'mid thy sobs of woe—
Which speak each one th' intensity of thy true passion-woe—
As o'er thy loved, earth tenderly doth lay her first brown sod,
Thy grief-rent soul in one great cry uprises unto God!
While in that hour thy people's hearts are blended into one,
So that beside his open grave is Mercy's sweet work done!
Lord, grant that this fair sorrow-bond may strong and lasting prove,
Then e'en in death he shall have blest the country of his love!

MRS C. HUNTER HODGSON.
(A Soldier's Daughter.)

* Copyright.

THE Saturday night performance of the Berlioz *Faust* was as successful as its precursors. Another—and for the present the last—is to be given this evening.

NICOLAS RUBINSTEIN (brother to the renowned Anton) was buried at Moscow on the 6th inst. He was very popular, and is universally regretted.

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.—*Nervous Old Lady* (to Box-Office Keeper). I've come to take places for *The Colonel*—(hesitates)—but I won't—unless you assure me that there will be no firing. (*The assurance is given—Old Lady still hesitating.*) I hope you're not deceiving me. I really am afraid, as the name sounds so military!—Punch.

THE death of Ravel, one of the most famous comic actors of the last half century, who was to Grassot (Hyacinthe's predecessor) much what Nestor, at Vienna, was to Scholz, is announced in the Paris papers. Ravel was the original in the *Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, so delightfully paraphrased by Mr W. S. Gilbert in *The Wedding Party*, produced at the Court Theatre some years ago.

MESSRS J. LUDWIG AND H. DAUBERT'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.—These excellent classical entertainments are to be renewed immediately, the first being announced for Monday evening next. We are glad to find certain of Beethoven's "Posthumous Quartets" in the prospectus. Confided to such practised experts as Messrs Ludwig, Gibson, Zerbini, and Daubert, amateurs may rely upon an interpretation of these marvellous compositions worthy all praise.

H. Meist Hill's "Gog and Magog."

This descriptive orchestral composition ("Overture Humouristique," it is characteristically styled) relates a ghostly but humorous legend which has been heard of, now and then, since the effigies of the City Giants were set up in the Guildhall. It opens with a sketch of the interior of the hall left to darkness and silence after one of the great banquets given in honour of some foreign potentate. Stray gleams of lamplight steal in through the big windows and fall upon the long white tables; the remains of the feast are there. The guests have all gone . . . only those two great figures stare silently with their huge, dull eyes. Is it the trick of a flickering gaslight, whose flame quivers in the wind which is faintly shaking a loose casement, and wailing through the keyhole of the ponderous door—that Gog's eyes seem to roll solemnly round and then fix themselves upon the tables? No; the giant moves, first his great head, then his arm, then his lips slowly unclose, and a voice echoes, deep and loud, in the silent building—seeming to frighten away the very night-wind that has, perhaps, startled the giant into life. "Magog," says the voice, "methinks we, too, might have a share of the luxuries left by these feasting pigmies. For too many years have we been petrified watchers here of the revels of these dwarfs, who call themselves men. Good brother, let us descend, since by some strange fate we may move and speak once more—and let us taste of these things which make men merry and glad." Magog, who has stretched and shaken his huge form, nods assent, and the giants descend, and make havoc among the viands, drinking of the generous wines, till a great strong life seems kindled within them, and one says to the other, "Why not go forth, and see what may have happened during these centuries of our unconscious sleep?" The idea finds favour with both. At a touch from the powerful hands the doors unclose, and forth issue the strange forms, linked arm in arm. They pause as "One" booms solemnly out into the silent night; then they laugh "Ha! ha!" in a ponderous, puzzled way.

Where are they? Where are the curious houses with their overhanging roofs, the narrow street which they could almost span with outstretched arms, the very familiar spires and chimneys? What are these flat stone paths, where there should be rough wood or uneven stones? They look up. Is this the City? Good Old London? It should be—but "Ha! ha!" laughs Gog ever and anon, as one strange novelty after another astonishes him, and he points out this house, that statue—wondering and laughing. They have strolled about the City and are returning along Cheapside, when, just above their heads, they hear measured strokes. Startled, they step aside and glance upwards. What do they see? Can their eyes, dazzled by all these new, bewildering sights, be playing them false? "Gog," says Magog, and his big frame sways with fear, "I see ourselves, but tiny, horrible imitations of us—look! they are striking the big bell." Gog, quaking with terror, looks up to the spot to which his companion points, and sees not only himself, but Magog, small, but true to the life in point of likeness, occupied in striking the small hours of the night. "Let us go," says the sobered giant. "Brother, methinks, it is better to return to our sleep than to be here, in an age when men respect neither size nor weight, but hold us up to ridicule to citizens by reducing us to less than the pigmy inches of their very babes. Come!" And subdued and grave they would return, glancing askance as the great clock and their effigies as they go; but, suddenly, the humour of the idea strikes their jovial minds, and, looking at each other, they break into a loud "Ha! ha! After all, let these degenerate dwarfs enjoy their little joke; we have

played one upon them by eating and drinking—uninvited guests." So, with restored good humour, they return to the Guildhall, and reassume their old positions.

"After all, we have had a jolly night," says Gog, as he settles himself in his wonted attitude. "Ha! ha!" laughs Magog; and as he laughs the first faint light of dawn creeps in, and, motionless, still, the old figures have relapsed into unconsciousness, looking glassily into vacancy, petrified for all time.

A. L.

THE RESONATOR.

(From "Engineering.")

Under the above name Signor Alberto B. Bach has recently devised and introduced a very simple and apparently very effective appliance for increasing the volume and power of the human voice when singing, and on Tuesday evening (19th inst.) a lecture on the subject was delivered at the Royal Academy of Music, the use of the resonator being illustrated by Signor Bach during a concert which followed the lecture. In the course of his lecture Signor Bach described the mechanism of the vocal organs, and explained the modes in which their power could best be developed, and amongst other points he directed attention to the office performed by the hard portion of the palate, this acting as a kind of sounding board when the mouth is open for singing. It is for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the palate in this respect that the "resonator" has been designed. The instrument consists of a gold plate fitted to the roof the mouth, close above the upper teeth—much in the same way as the gold palate of a set of artificial teeth—the plate having attached to it another gold plate which is convex downwards in both directions. A hollow sounding board—if we may call it so—is thus formed, which has a remarkable effect on the volume of sound producible by the person wearing the instrument. The resonator appears to have no prejudicial effect upon the distinctness of articulation, and Signor Bach states that it can be used without the slightest inconvenience after a moderate amount of practice. Of course, as Signor Bach remarks, the resonator will not give a good voice to any one who does not already possess one, nor will it eradicate any faults in singing; but properly used it certainly appears to have a remarkable effect in increasing the power of the sound which a singer can produce, and this without deteriorating its quality, or increasing the effort required. On Tuesday evening several songs were admirably sung by Signor Bach to illustrate the effect of the resonator, and with highly satisfactory results. The conditions on Tuesday were, however, scarcely such as to show fully the power of the instrument. The hall of the Royal Academy of Music has good acoustic properties, and Signor Bach's voice filled it easily without any aid from the resonator, so that the increased volume of tone produced by the use of the latter was not so marked as it would have been in a room of greater capacity. As Signor Bach points out, now that monster concerts are the fashion, the resonator appears likely to prove a valuable assistance to vocalists.

PARIS.—A new musical work was brought out this afternoon at the Popular Concerts conducted by M. Pasdeloup. The regular series has been completed, but an additional concert was organized with the express object of producing *Les Argonauts*, a dramatic symphony, by Mlle Augusta Holmes, which nearly obtained the prize given by the City of Paris for the best composition of the year. This lyric drama is divided into four parts—the first being devoted to the departure of Jason on his perilous expedition; the second depicting the fascinations exercised by the Sirens on the Argonauts, who, thanks to their strong-minded leader, remain proof against all temptation; the third setting forth the meeting of Jason with the magician Medea in Colchis; the fourth describing Jason's conquest of the Golden Fleece. Of these four parts the third, consisting of one long continued love duet, opened by a dance of Medea's companions, and interrupted at times by their choruses, is the most effective, as well as the most important. The chorus of Sirens and the sort of hymn in which the Argonauts celebrate their victory over their comely enemies are, in opposite styles, equally attractive. The character of Jason was undertaken by M. Laurent, and that of Medea by Mlle Richard, both of the Opera, while subordinate parts were sustained by Mesdames Panchioni and Caron. At the conclusion the audience clamoured for the composer; but, in accordance with French etiquette in such matters, she declined to appear.—*Telegraphic Correspondence of the Daily Telegraph*, April 25, 1881.

OPERA COMIQUE.

Patience; or, *Bunthorne's Bride*, is the name of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera; and, this being the name of it, those who know how fond Mr Gilbert is of tripping people up along the beaten tracks of thought will suspect that *Patience* does not embody the chief interest of the piece, that she is not Bunthorne's bride, and that, in point of fact, Bunthorne has no bride at all. It is even so, "and that's the humour of it." The work presents itself as an "aesthetic opera," and, having regard to circumstances not mentioned, perhaps because easily imagined, Mr D'Oyly Carte considered it advisable to state formally that the libretto was completed in November last. As far as reference is here implied to Mr Bunthorne's aesthetic play, *The Colonel*, the announcement may be regarded as superfluous. Although Mr Gilbert sometimes chooses to economize his ideas by using them again and again, no one suspects him of lacking originality so far as to be obliged to borrow from other people. More important is it to observe that the caustic, satirical dramatist did not keep his eyes shut to a tempting theme till the opportunity had almost passed. Mr Gilbert, we may well believe, marked Messrs Maudie, Postlethwaite & Co. for his own before those worthies figured in the pages of *Punch*. He could hardly do otherwise without abandoning his mission. Who but he should hold up to boundless ridicule the silly creatures now doing their little best to make true art contemptible through exaggeration, antics, and slang? He was necessary, and had he held back sensible folk would have cried out for him. His holding back, however, was not likely. It is far more easy to imagine the grim delight with which the dramatist took up his keen and acrid pen, while the only danger was that circumstances might postpone the bringing forth of his work till the latest social "fad" had vanished before universal and inextinguishable laughter.

We shall not stop to compare the libretto of the new opera with any of its precursors among Mr Gilbert's works. Nor would it show much discretion to point out instances wherein the author, even when not avowedly engaged in caricature, throws all sense of probability to the winds. Mr Gilbert does nothing without a purpose, and often those who think they have caught him tripping find themselves enmeshed in a net cunningly spread by sly and subtle hands. We may take it that whenever the dramatist employs a serious moment in turning a summersault he knows perfectly well what he is about. Plays of this sort are, in point of fact, not for criticism by any standard save such as they themselves supply. Do they make an audience merry? Do they hurl darts at the follies of society with such good temper that those who feel the blow are among the first to laugh? If so, their modest, yet not unuseful purpose is answered, and their right to applause asserted. Wherefore should it be said that in *Patience*, Mr Gilbert repeats himself a good deal, that the idea of unselfish love as worked out by his heroine complicates the story without proportionate effect, and that the *dénouement* is weak, the best answer lies in the peals of joyous merriment that accompany the play from beginning to end. As regards technical workmanship, we only anticipate a general opinion when we say that the dialogue here and there lacks the brilliancy expected from Mr Gilbert, and that the lyrics are models of easy rhyme and rhythm, as well as full of mingled humour and pathos. Mr Sullivan's share in this piece should command the warmest praise. Sensible people do not look to operas like *Patience* for startling music, or even for that which absorbs the attention. Indeed, music of such a kind would be out of place. It would disturb the balance of the entire work, because while some modern criticism contends against resolute opposition that on every lyric stage music should take a subordinate place, here its inferiority admits of no debate. "The play's the thing" beyond all question; Mr Sullivan's work being simply to supply for its lyrics such graceful, refined, and artistic strains as please without distraction. This duty he has performed most admirably. In the first place, he again illustrates a happy and, for a task of the kind, indispensable power of seizing the idea of the verse and giving it expression by the simplest of purely artistic means. Mr Sullivan never pulls against but always with his poet, while if beguiled into the regions of commonplace, he knows how to say even ordinary things with an accent of superiority that compels attention. For proof of all this we need not look beyond the music of *Patience*, no fewer than seven numbers of which were encored and repeated on Saturday night. The strength of the composer is not put forward at the outset. His introduction, for example, would on ordinary occasions pass unnoticed, and the numbers immediately succeeding, though pretty, are not remarkable. When however, we come to the Colonel's song about the Heavy Dragoons, Mr Sullivan's humour flows in a full stream, while the *ensemble* for officers and ladies appears as a capital example of its kind. Other noticeable

pieces are Bunthorne's song, "If you're anxious for to shine," with its delicate and charming orchestration; the duet for *Patience* and Angela, "Long years ago, fourteen may be," also beautifully scored; the charming madrigalian dialogue, "Prithee, pretty maiden," for *Patience* and Grosvenor; a well-written sestet with chorus, "I hear the soft note;" Lady Jane's mock sentimental ditty, "Silvered is the raven hair," with its Handelian recitative; the spirited duet for Bunthorne and Lady Jane, "So go to him, and say to him," and its thoroughly funny companion for Bunthorne and Grosvenor, "When I go out of door." In all these appear the ideas and the hand of a musician who has something to say and knows how to say it. What though the work be not of an exalted kind? Excellence consists largely in fitness.

Of the performance we can only speak briefly, nor is there need, seeing its well-nigh uniform merit, for the many words that provoked criticism demands. It will be understood that the scenery and dresses were as perfect as thought and money could make them; that the stage, under Mr Gilbert's exacting eye, was a model of well-ordered arrangement; and that every performer, down to the humblest, knew what he had to do, and was competent. A better *ensemble* could hardly have been desired. As *Patience*, Miss Leonora Braham looked pretty enough to account for her hold upon the rival poets' hearts, while she acted throughout with the simplicity becoming her character, and sang like the clever artist the public have for some time known her to be. Miss Alice Barnett, provided with a part written up ostentatiously to her wealth of physical development, kept the audience in a roar. Her merit as a comedian could have had no better assertion, while her delivery of the song already referred to showed vocal powers of no mean order. Misses Bond, Gwynne, and Fortescue were graceful and pleasing representatives of the leading rapturous ones; while the quaint humour of Mr G. Grossmith as Bunthorne, the dry fun of Mr Barrington as Grosvenor, the energy of Mr Temple as the Colonel, the true comedy of Mr Thornton as the Major, especially in the aesthetic scene, and the good singing of Mr Lely as the Duke, all more or less contributed to the success indubitably gained. Mr Sullivan conducted, and, at the close, was called forward, with Mr Gilbert, to receive an assurance that *Patience*; or, *Bunthorne's Bride*, had set sail with a favouring gale.—D. T.

TRINITY COLLEGE AND MR C. E. STEPHENS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I perceive that the Academical Board of "Trinity College" have now issued a prospectus for another Chamber Music competition. It will be remembered that in 1879 the two prizes then offered were awarded by Sir Michael Costa to string quartets, which proved to be both by Mr C. E. Stephens.

As an admirer of that gentleman's talent, I beg to call attention to subsequent proceedings. On the next similar occasion, *Members of the Council were excluded from competing*; this at once shut out Mr Stephens, who it appears, was then a member of that body. Some time after this, as was stated in a number of *Education*, he resigned his seat, and now, as if expressly designed to meet this change of circumstances, the offer of prizes comes with another new condition, viz.: that any one who has previously taken a first prize shall also be considered ineligible.

Such regulations read as if adroitly varied on each occasion so as to designedly exclude Mr S., as if afraid of him, and the proceeding seems to me unworthy, or to require explanation, the more so as the exclusion is not made to extend to winners of second prizes only, and appears artfully worded so as to lead to the inference that there are several such, while, as a matter of fact there is only one individual who is in this elaborately favoured position, and that individual is, I understand, a pupil or protégé of a Member of the Academical Board.

Trusting you will agree with me that the action of these gentlemen is at least open to question, I am, sir, truly yours, W.

April 22, 1881.

FRANKFORT-ON-MAINE.—Mlle Walter, daughter of the tenor, Walter, of Vienna, has made her *début* at the New Operahouse here as Marguerite, in Gounod's *Faust*. Although very young, she is already an accomplished singer, and achieved a genuine success. Her next part will be Agathe, in *Der Freischütz*. D.

Hotel de Russie, April 26.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—The interest you have shown in musical education emboldens me to crave permission for another letter on the subject, in order that I may narrate important practical events which have been obtained in this district during the past six months. In my letter of July last I bewailed the lack of efficient elementary teaching in the schools of this district, and protested against the enormous grant for music considering the unsatisfactory results of the instruction generally given, while the great question of high artistic training was left unrecognized and unsubsidized by the Government. But I was fully aware of the difficulties surrounding the subject, as one could hardly expect much from teachers who needed instruction almost as much as the children they taught.

You were so kind as to send a representative to the first Oswestry Musical Festival in the autumn of 1879, and the proceedings of that occasion were duly chronicled in the *Times*. The financial result of the festival was a balance of £130, and that sum was used to found the "Oswestry School of Music," of which I became president, backed by an influential committee. We offered class lessons in elementary choral singing at moderate terms to the well-to-do; to working men and their wives and families, for one penny a lesson; and to school children for one halfpenny a lesson. But next to no response was made. A "masterly inactivity" prevailed. The inhabitants of rural districts are slow to move.

When we commenced preparations for the Festival concerts of October, 1880, of which, owing to the unwillingness of the Festival Committee to undertake the responsibility, Lady Harlech most kindly assumed the financial liability, I determined to apply pressure in order to raise the standard of membership in the Festival Choral Society. No one was allowed to take part in the choral performance without undergoing a fresh trial of capacity, and they who could not pass the ordeal were obliged to go through a three months' training at the School of Music. Thus the Festival is made to help the school, and the school renders the members more competent for the required duties of the Festival.

But a solution of the problem did come, though in a manner entirely unexpected. Towards the end of last September a leading inhabitant of a neighbouring village asked me if I would do something to improve the singing in the church services. As the music in those services was, I declined acting on that basis, but said that if he could obtain the signatures of every representative man of every class in the village and its neighbourhood, irrespective of sect and politics, to the proposition, "that it was expedient to establish a system of weekly choral practice in the village of Llansantffraid," I would act as chairman of the committee. In a few days every necessary signature was obtained; and in less than a fortnight the committee was formed and a conductor from a neighbouring town engaged. Work commenced on October 3 with elementary teaching from 6.15 to 7 p.m., and the advanced class, which consisted only of those who could read music and had some knowledge of it, practised from 7.15 to 8.30, membership being open to everyone above five years of age, and no payment being required, as the expenses were to be covered by two concerts, which are given during the winter quarters.

Several important objects are thus gained at the same time—musical instruction is a free gift to every inhabitant of the parish; two entertainments are provided for those whose only chance of a change in the monotony of their lives is the public-house; the members of the choir have a pride in knowing that their exertions benefit the funds of the society; the union of all classes increases cohesion and gives strength in local matters; the services of church and chapel are certain to be greatly improved; and a larger area of selection is gained for the future welfare of the Oswestry Musical Festival.

And now for the practical results. In this particular village one concert has already been given, and another, in which there is to be a selection from *The Messiah*, will take place in a few days. The attendance for practice has averaged 100 each week. The movement spread with great rapidity, the initiative emanating entirely from the villagers themselves. At present fourteen parishes round Oswestry have choral societies, on the committees of which every class is represented, and at least 1,000 people are practising once a week. All these village societies are affiliated to the Oswestry School of Music, and thus we have under our direction elementary music, advanced music, and the annual festival, to the raising of the standard of performance of which all these varied organizations will be made subservient.

In the month of September a festival of 15 village choirs will be held in Oswestry, and it is the intention of the committee to use every endeavour to make it the brightest of days to the many hundreds of children who will take part in the performance. I do

not dare venture to enclose the programme intended for that performance, as I fear I have already transgressed in the way of length, but while it will be a most interesting one, and may even be a very brilliant one, the interests of art will predominate, for the festival must be specially considered as a step in musical education.

Now, all this has happened since 1879 in a district which was then called "unmusical Shropshire." But there is no magic in it. It is all the genuine outcome of a need that required a supply. The people desire rational amusement, and they eagerly grasp at the chance of a pursuit which cannot but tend to elevation and refinement. More especially do they wish it for their children, whose wits have become quickened by compulsory education and require more than they used in the way of intellectual work. Where it has once been carried out to success it can be repeated, and I trust to hear before long that in other districts centres are at work, and that the influence of music may make itself felt far and wide. Beyond the mere musical teaching, this subject has a large social bearing, for, in the present strife of class interests, class antagonisms are arising, and everything that can bridge over the chasms in the body politic caused thereby, merits the attention and consideration of those in power. It is as important to the Home Office as it is to the Education Department.

In the *Times* of November 2, 1880, there was a most important article on the subject of higher musical education. With one exception, it passed apparently unheeded, but it was so exhaustive that it closed the question. The exception was an important one, the offer of Mr Sims Reeves to co-operate in the great work which would follow the establishment of a Conservatorium. The future of artistic musical education must before long receive the consideration of Government. Of course, it is out of the question that ought can be done during the present Session, but if a Royal Commission could be appointed, it might collect valuable evidence which would materially shorten future discussion. If a few practical men well versed in the influence of music as an art and as a recreation were members of it, I am sure that evidence could be produced which would convince the most sceptical of the good which would result from its receiving that assistance to which the musicians of Great Britain think it entitled.

I wished to add some observations on the doings of the People's Entertainment Society as having an important bearing on the social side of the subject, but dare not write another word.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Bryn Tanat, Llansantffraid, April 16.

HENRY LESLIE.

SEMBRICH.

(From our Italian Poet Laureate.)

La schiera impareggiabile
A cui t'univi adesso
E un serto bello e fulgido,
Vanto d'Apollo istesso!
Sebben giungesti l'ultima,
In sì felice giorno
Tal serto hai tu di splendida
Gemma novella adorno!

MR GEORGE GEAR announces a concert for Friday afternoon at St George's Hall, at which he will play Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, with specimens of Mozart, Schubert, and Chopin. Signora Erba will perform a "Romanza" for violin, composed by Mr Gear, and Mdme Mary Cummings sing the same composer's new ballad, "A tiny floweret."

MILAN.—Maini is to play Leporello in *Don Juan* at the Scala. Milan.—The season at the Teatro Manzoni was brought to a close with *Mignon*.—Bohme, the well-known cornet player of Dresden, is about to give some concerts here.

NEW YORK.—The Philharmonic Club gave an excellent concert on Tuesday evening, April 5. It being the last of the season, the audience was larger than at any previous entertainment, and composed of really appreciative amateurs. Mr Richard Hoffmann played the piano part in Spohr's C minor quintet, and was highly successful, being called upon to respond to applause evidently intended as a personal compliment to himself. Mrs Lowerre sang with considerable taste and skill. An interesting number was a serenade performed by the club and composed by Mr Frederic Brandeis, one of the most competent musicians of this city. This was so warmly received that it had to be repeated. The concert came to an effective end with Beethoven's renowned Septet in E flat.—*New York Times*.

PATIENCE; OR, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

The most precious of delectable sensations is assuredly that of Laughter at the Utterly Nonsensical; wherefore thanks are due to Mr Gilbert for having once more provided us with a stimulant thereto in the shape of *Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride*. In saying this, we must take occasion to differ with the strictures of certain critics. Whereas these critics have approached the latest offspring of Mr Gilbert's curious brain in a wrong spirit, it behoves us to underline their mistaking Humour for Irony, and Extravaganza for Parody. Somebody has defined Irony as Earnestness concealing Jest, and Humour as Jest concealing Earnestness. Mr Gilbert's drolleries certainly belong not to the first category, they rather form part of a Humour-growth which is of very recent date, and whereof, indeed, the author of the "Bab Ballads" may be called inventor. This humour while very free in construction and sore phantastic in its "too all but" aimlessness, is nevertheless the most puissant of laugh compellers; and if *Patience* be not absolutely brimming over with it, what we find is so good that at the end a feeling of gratitude is paramount in sane minds. As for the general scope of the piece, enough stress has been laid on the absence of any serious attempt at satire. Still, as a summing up of what is here said and not said, I may be suffered to pronounce that the duets, "Hey, but I'm doleful, willow, willow, waly," "Sing hey to you, good day to you," and "Conceive me, if you can," are likely to convulse frames of feathered bipeds in such exceeding wise as only masterstrokes of genius can do.

TARELL OF THE MARSH.

HERR CARL ROSA, happily quite restored to health, has been spending a few days at Brighton. During the engagement of his celebrated company in Bristol, he intends passing his leisure days at the Queen's Hotel, Clifton. A more agreeable temporary residence could hardly be devised by a valetudinarian. Herr Rosa already owes London his *Cuid* and *Promessi Sposi*—his Thomas and Ponchielli. Let him pay the debt—and that speedily.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mdm Sembrich made her first appearance for the season on Saturday, and was greeted with a warmth the genuine nature of which could not be misunderstood. The opera chosen was *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the same in which she created so lively an impression in the summer of 1880. This impression was confirmed—strengthened, indeed—on Saturday, and Mdm Sembrich's position as a dramatic singer of high rank fully established. One scene alone—that of Lucia's madness—would have sufficed to set all doubts at rest on this point; and while paying tribute here to the excellence of the singer, we cannot in fairness pass over the valuable aid she derived from the manner in which the flute *obligato* accompaniment was played by Mr Radcliff, instrument and voice combining as though they sprang from the same source. The result was an "encore" not to be resisted. The other characters were sustained by Signors Marini, Sante Athos, Scolaro, and Corsi. The Edgardo of Signor Marini is by no means devoid of merit, but would gain considerably by a modification, to some extent, in that persistent dragging of the time which is this artist's besetting sin. Signor Beviniani conducted. On Tuesday the opera was Rossini's magnificent *Guillaume Tell*, the performance of which was rendered interesting not only by the first appearance of that general favourite, Mdm Valleria, but by the *débuts* of a new Arnold and a new orchestral chief. M. Mierzwinsky, an Austrian Pole, by his achievements at the new Grand Operahouse, had already won the favour of Parisian connoisseurs, and has now convinced our own public that it was obtained on legitimate grounds. His voice, so far as one opportunity enables us to judge, is a tenor of the brightest metallic quality, extensive in range, and made complete throughout the scale by a skilful and temperate use of the higher tones, which enables him to reach C, and even (as in the great trio of the second act) C sharp, with ease. True, he occasionally forces it, to its comparative detriment; but this is a habit which, besides being unnecessary, is easy, with forethought and careful study, to get rid of. Avoiding details, it is enough to add that the success of M. Mierzwinsky, if the continuous applause of an audience not always lavish in its manifestations of approval counts for anything, was uncontested. That he would make a striking effect in the famous battle-song, "Corriam, voliam" ("Suivez-moi"), was taken for granted; but what pleased intelligent

hearers still more was his expressive rendering of the soliloquy, "O muto asilo," almost immediately preceding it. The other leading characters were very ably supported by Mdm Valleria (Mathilde), Signors Cotogni and De Reszké. Cotogni's Tell is known and appreciated, and De Reszké's Walter, as proved in the trio already named, and the grand *finale* of the "Meeting of the Cantons," left nothing to be desired. Those amateurs more or less acquainted with musical doings in the Belgian capital need scarcely be reminded that M. Dupont is a musician of more than ordinary talent and highly esteemed in his own country; he is, indeed, a born conductor—a fact of which, in the spirit and accuracy exhibited from the overture to the end, the members of the orchestra (no bad judges) seemed thoroughly persuaded. His welcome was hearty and well-merited. The opera on Thursday was *La Sonnambula* (Mdm Sembrich). To-night Mdm Albani comes back to us as the Gilda of Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

OPERA COMIQUE.—*Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride*, produced on Monday night, before a densely crowded audience, was a success about the genuine nature of which there can be hardly two opinions. Often as Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan have wrought together they have seldom done so with happier effect. Words and music fit each other so thoroughly that they might be almost accepted as the emanation from one brain, and that brain taking a view of things quite independent of the ordinary cast of thought. When Mr Gilbert writes verse and dialogue that would seem altogether absurd but for the assumed gravity of the actors to whom they are confided, and Mr Sullivan invents music which might be wedded to wholly different utterances, it should not be looked upon as a mistake on the part of the musician, who rather aids than impedes the object his literary confederate has in view; and that—as Corporal Nym would say—"is the humour of it." After the lengthy notices of *Patience* with which the public has been favoured by our daily contemporaries, it would be superfluous to describe the purport, much more so to unwind the plot, of this new proof of its joint authors' unexampled fecundity in a peculiar direction. That it is a satire upon a tendency in certain social circles to counterfeit what can only be counterfeited by exaggeration in ridiculous proportions, under the cloak of an enthusiasm which by a stretch of the imagination alone can be regarded as genuine, need not be told. How Mr Gilbert has again succeeded in embodying his idea by aid of the shadowy personages with which his fancy teems, but which are no more real than the images delirium paints upon darkness, may at once be guessed by those acquainted with *The Sorcerer*, *H.M. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, &c. That, according to his generally adopted custom, he has performed his task without affording reasonable cause of offence to the most sensitive, is so much added to the credit of a burlesque inimitable in its way. The sham "aesthetic," Reginald Bunthorne, and the "idyllic poet," Archibald Grosvenor, represented with consummate address, the one by Mr Grossmith, the other by Mr Rutland Barrington, are as harmless types as could well be imagined, while the women, one and all, including the four principals, Ladies Angela, Saphir, Ella, and Jane (Misses Bond, Gwynne, Fortescue, and Barnett), the last as imposing and masculine as her three companions are feminine and shy, form a bevy of mad-cap maidens as unobtrusive as they are inviting. The Dragoons, too—Colonel Calverley, Major Murgatroyd, and Lieut.-Duke of Dunstable (Messrs Temple, Thornton, and Lely)—a sturdy set of warriors, whose affections are temporarily thwarted, now by the influence of the "fleshy" (why not robust?) poet, Bunthorne, now by that of the "idyllic" Grosvenor, but who eventually, assuming the garb and gestures of the "aesthetes," so fascinate the aesthetically-given maidens that, though not quite reaching their ideal standard, as represented at the outset by Bunthorne, are unanimously proclaimed "too all but," harmoniously chime in with the rest; and so does the pretty milk-maid, Patience, who, while not destined to be "Bunthorne's Bride," becomes, eventually, the bride of Grosvenor, his more acceptable competitor. In *Patience*, charmingly portrayed by Miss Leonora Braham, we have a real touch of nature, which gives light and life to the whole. Mr Sullivan's music is too sterlingly good to be dismissed with a bare recognition of its worth; but space compels us to defer our notice until next week. The performance, directed by the composer himself, was admirable from beginning to end; and when, after the fall of the curtain, Messrs Sullivan and Gilbert appeared, they were enthusiastically cheered. — *Graphic*.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Beethoven Recitals.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his TWENTY-FIRST SERIES of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1881.

FRIDAY, MAY 13.

FRIDAY, MAY 20.

FRIDAY, MAY 27.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24.

The Eight Recitals will comprise the entire Series of Sonatas devoted by Beethoven to the pianoforte without accompaniments, with the substitution, as on previous occasions, of the Andante in F major, Op. 35, and the thirty-two variations upon an original theme in C minor, Op. 36, for the short and easy ones in G major and minor, Op. 49. Mr Hallé believes that, after an interval of so many years since the last "Beethoven Recitals," a repetition of them may prove interesting to the many zealous students of the legacy of masterpieces bequeathed to the most universal of instruments by the greatest composer of his age. So far as the generally accepted opus numbers permit, the Sonatas will be presented in chronological order.

In addition to the Sonatas, Mr Hallé will play the forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of J. S. Bach—six of each at each Recital, the preludes and fugues separating one sonata of Beethoven from another. These will follow precisely the order of succession according to the *Wohltemperirte Klavier*—the title by Bach himself to his great work; and it is hoped that some interest may be created by the opportunity of comparing the styles of two masters who though belonging to different periods, and representing widely different phases of art, had nevertheless so much in common.

The customary Analytical Notices will accompany the Programmes.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the Series	£2 2 0
Single Tickets	0 7 0
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The Other Side.

Stop! look at him that lies with cold, white cheeks
Pillowed upon the cold white snow, his eyes
Close-shut against the gravel and mud and dirt
Blown in his face, his eyebrows bent down tight
In a dead frown, his pallid lips hard-clenched
With just sufficient ooze of blood between
To glue them fast. There is no smile of triumph;
Only a cool will petrified by Hate.

A man like this would scarcely take the pains
To recognize and sneer at passing Death,
Though Death, a grin on his worm-eaten jaws,
Came up and shook him by the warm young hand
With icy claw, as now. Ah! look at him.
His was the steady hand and careful aim.
He threw the second bomb, which killed himself.

Man? Why there's more of boy than man in him.
Leave him alone; there was the genuine stuff
That fashions heroes, in that crushed-up breast;
Disturb him not, leave him to die in peace.
His father, brothers, who knows who besides
(Be men the only convicts that they send?)
Are digging in the dim Siberian mine
With toil-torn bleeding hands, with hopeless sweat
Upon their brows, the chain of heavy links,
The chain of Anguish, hanging round their hearts;
Thousands of miles of snow, long years of pain
Divide their darkness from the sunny world.
He saw them dragged from out their homes at night,
Their home, his home, and hurried through the streets
Because one man had so determined it
(One that a goggle-eyed and pale-faced throng
Surrounds and bears away to die the death).
Now will you trample on him, throw your stone,
And spit a curse?—or else pass sadly on,
Saying, "Alas that Russia's soil should need
A dung so rich as this to make it bear
The Harvest of the Future—Liberty."

Polkew.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1881.

After the Deals.



Hotel Manns.

PATIENT.—Oh!

DOCTOR (*calmly*).—So!PATIENT (*groans*).—No—ah!DOCTOR (*feeling pulse*).—Whoa! Don't go into convulsions.

PATIENT.—Can't help it; lost my wits.

DOCTOR (*aside*).—No great loss. (*Aloud*) But for example—PATIENT (*groans*).—But yes—it's—DOCTOR (*peevishly*).—What?

PATIENT.—Ideals—oh!

DOCTOR.—Pooh! Try Reals (*administers Mozart-drops*).

Albani.

(From our Italian Poet Laureate.)

*A lba serena di ridente giorno
Lieta risorge quando fai ritorno,
Brillan nostr' alme di novei fulgori,
A promi tutti a care gioie i cori,
Noto fa ognuno, mentre a te s'inchina:
In grazia ed arte prima sei, regina.*

PROFESSOR OAKELEY of the Edinburgh University has been in London, is now at Dover, and will speedily return to London. Thence, no doubt, he will set out for his favourite Rhenish Festival, at which we should like to be in his society.

MORE UTOPIA.

THE subjoined letter appeared a few days since in the columns of a contemporary:—

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—The opening of the Opera season with, as a special feature, the increase of stall prices to 25s. is my excuse for this letter. Are we so poor in the supply of musical talent that the demand for it is truly represented by the fearfully extravagant prices always charged for a good performance? The demand is clearly great, and I am disposed to assume that such demand indicates good taste, but it seems in some degree illogical that so much good taste is not productive of a better supply than the prices indicate.

There is a great vice in England which is "star" worship. "Stars" become fashionable and a manager who fails to secure at least one for any enterprise will find even a high average of general talent unprofitable. And the "stars," much as they may love music, do undoubtedly love money more, and they must be paid extravagantly. So much the better for them, so much the worse for the public. "Star" worship seems to owe a large part of its success to a taste which is but imperfectly educated. To follow a simple melody is a very early stage of musical education, and although many may go a few degrees beyond it there are few comparatively whose taste and ear get educated up to the point of grasping and appreciating concerted music. The generality are content with such performances as "stars" can give and their highest degree of appreciation is given to such few oratorios (less than half-a-dozen) as have become popularly known through frequent public performances and the rendering in churches and private practice of extracts and adaptations.

But the ear and taste that can be trained to the appreciation (even imperfectly) of an oratorio are also capable of higher things.* The faculty is there, the education is wanting. And in busy lives the only means of education possible is public performances. Unhappily, the kind of performance most usual in England is the so-called "concert," wherein a third-rate "star" and a few people of less degree (local "stars" perhaps) sing solos, duets, or trios, or a few instrumentalists of like calibre do their best for themselves and often their worst for the composers whom they patronize and do not illustrate. A generous audience commends such efforts and so increases the mischief it has already paid for out of measure. Such performances are a hideous nuisance, degrading performers and public, and should be vigorously stopped—"Boycotted" by music lovers. But there are others. We have at St James's Hall, for instance, concerts of a noble type, forming what I may call an "intermediate education," where, with the help of the able analyses provided, a student may develop his ear and taste. Yet as even an advanced musician fails to recognize a number of features in a first performance, so the ordinary student visiting such concerts often omits at first hearing to gather up some of the pearls and chaplets of harmony which flood his senses.† And the repetitions are far too rare to enable him to follow up his subject. Then, again, prices are very dear.

I fear this burden of my cry may provoke some impatience. Let me exemplify my trouble. To sit packed closely in a crowd breathing foul air, a gas-light glaring in my face, out of sight of the performers (as I did once at the Albert Hall) for the sake of hearing fine music at a moderate price is not productive of enjoyment or satisfaction of an agreeable kind. Again, to wait an hour for the doors to open, then to rush and scramble in and to wait another half hour in the hall (as I have done at St James's Hall) for a cheap and good place makes one very weary. I am compelled to admit what I used often to doubt, that in order to enjoy music it is necessary to study personal comfort and to secure a good place as regards the air one breathes, the closeness of one's neighbours, and the view of the performers, and this costs so much that at least three times out of four when I wish to hear a performance I am compelled to deny myself that which I should enjoy intensely. Should I add that I do not belong to the sterner sex? In Germany these things are different, but (?) I have known a poor English governess have a frequent respite from her troubles there in most exquisite music and at a very trifling expense, such as six shillings for a winter series of symphony concerts. I have some hope that in England, and even in London, it is possible to improve the existing state of things. And I humbly offer this suggestion. Of the wealth which patronizes art I beg for a portion to be diverted to purely philharmonic purposes. Let a fund be established to enable those who are qualified as Academicians (of music) and others of capacity to undertake concerts for the public benefit. The performers should be guaranteed from loss and also insured a moderate

scale of remuneration. The performances should be made into a series, and in the series I would have frequent repetitions, for if an opera may be repeated several times in a season why not a concerto, a symphony, or such choice quartets, quintets, &c., as we hear at St James's Hall? The one condition of the fund's assistance should be low prices of admission, really low, not in the proportion of "cheap opera" at twelve shillings and sixpence a seat.

It seems to me hardly doubtful that by such means our resources for popular education will be largely increased, and both the public and the performers will be greatly benefitted.—Apologizing for the length of this letter, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C. A. P. D.

When Dr Soandso is invited to feel a pulse, he will come for a consideration; when Dr Whatdy'ecall'em is summoned, he also will come for a consideration—but for a consideration somewhat more exacting. Why if dentists, physicians, surgeons and what not, are allowed to measure their honorarium according to the standard of excellence they have reached and the proportionate demand for their services, should a similar privilege be denied to artists of the musical profession? A thing that will fairly remunerate the dealer is surely worth the price demanded. Ask Mr Millais to paint a picture for an emolument that would obtain one from Mr Shilly. Would he give it? "Not by no means." And after all, what are theatres and concerts but business speculations which entail a serious risk upon all who embark in them. "And are etceteras" (managers) "nothing?" These etceteras, on the contrary, are indispensable, and managers must live, whether the Talleyrand-Nesselrode-Metternich tribe of diplomatists see the necessity of it or not. Managers cannot exist upon air, or keep houses for their belongings in the clouds, and to make up for this they must derive a fair profit from the exercise of their industry and wits. If Mr Gye, for example, asked Mme Patti (on philanthropic grounds) to sing at his theatre for five guineas a representation, would she clutch at the bargain? Ask Aries the cowherd, in *Morte d'Arthur*, who owed a son (Sir Tor) to King Pellinore; his answer would be, "I suppose nay." And if managers and publishers would flourish and live contentedly they must perforce supply the public with what the public requires; otherwise, as Publisher Bumpus has it, "It wont pay." The public is mainly answerable for all these things. The cant phrase about "corrupting public taste" is muddled moonshine—in art as in everything else with which catering for the many-headed has to do. Would "C. A. P. D." ruin herself for the whims of managers? No. Why then should managers ruin themselves for the whims of "C. A. P. D.," whose whole system is built upon sand, and has not therefore even the claims of an Utopia, where all are satisfied with doing nothing for anybody, and no one is either better or worse than another. It seems as though "C. A. P. D." would like to have the Royal Albert and St James's Halls exclusively for herself and friends, at a shilling a head, with no "waiting at doors," no "rush and scramble," no "packed crowd breathing foul air," no "closeness of neighbours," &c., &c., to discommode them—to appropriate all quietly, in short, without the slightest personal inconvenience. Good. Meanwhile, who "pays the piper?" Who pays Nilsson and Reeves, Joachim and Piatti? The money laid out, under such easy conditions by "C. A. P. D." would hardly suffice for two or three *ripieni* fiddlers in an orchestra! Let Governments, hyperphilanthropically inclined, do what seems to them best, as in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and elsewhere; but to expect private speculators to lay out their money and use their experience for the *beaux yeux* of any number of exorbitant pleasure-seekers at fancy prices—such as "C. A. P. D.," &c.—is to expect something which has never happened since the world began and is never likely to happen so long as the world endures. Such philanthropists are, happily, not in our

* The comprehension of Wagner?

† Pearls and chaplets flooding senses is good.—POLONIUS PEACOCK.

midst—and a good thing too, for, if they were, our administrators of public entertainment would be simply zebras. These are all labouring men, who strive with more or less success to raise themselves to fortune—as who does not with a proper idea of self-assertion? It is amusing to hear the childish talk of amateurs who know no more of what “transpires” (*pace* the “Superfine Review”) behind the scenes than anti-visectors of the process through the various stages of which (as Mr John Simon observed on a certain memorable occasion) a mution chop is placed upon the breakfast-table. *Otto Seard.*

MILLE DE RESKÉ.

(To the Editor of the “Musical World.”)

SIR,—I was pleased to see the favourable notice of Mlle de Reské in your article on the opening night of the Royal Italian Opera. In the winter of 1875 I was making a short stay at Venice, and, of course, I was anxious to see what they were doing at the Fenice. The night on which I chartered a stall for that superb theatre there was a new opera and a singer (to me, at least) also new. I was delighted with the opera and charmed with the singer, but having no programme, was only able to elicit the fact that the name of the former was *Selvaggia*. The success was brilliant, and the opinion in favour of the new opera not only unanimous, but in the highest degree favourable. The composer, whose name I then learnt was Francisco Schira, was fated to his heart's content, and the music being characteristic and beautiful from beginning to end, that showed the soundness of judgment for the Venetian public has always been more or less noted. “Bravissimo, Schira!” I could not help shouting. On the other hand I was more than pleased with Mlle de Reské, her sympathetic *mezzo soprano*, her intelligent acting and her correct and always finished vocalization, and I could not refrain from expressing my satisfaction *à voix*, with which, every one seeming to be of the same opinion, no one was dissatisfied. Since then I have not heard Mlle de Reské, and regret I was not in London to witness her performance in *Aida*.—Yours obediently,
Barcelona, April 26. DILETTANTE.
(I enclose my card.)

CONCERTS.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—The first of the Sims Reeves “Farewell Oratorio” performances drew a large concourse of amateurs to the Albert Hall on Wednesday night. The oratorio was *Judas Maccabæus*. Mr Reeves only sang in the first part; but what he did sing, viz., the fine recitative and air, “Call forth thy powers,” and the solos at the end—“So will'd my father,” “We come; O see,” and “Haste we, my brethren,” were in his best and chastest manner, the air especially being loudly applauded. In whatever else is set down for the chief tenor part, “How vain is man,” and “Sound an alarm,” he found an able and artistic substitute in Mr W. H. Cummings, always welcome to the lovers of sacred music, in which he has long been thoroughly versed. The star of the evening was Mme Christine Nilsson, who, led on to the orchestral platform by Mr Sims Reeves himself, was honoured by the greeting justly due to her merits. It must suffice to add that in the airs “Pious Orgies,” “O Liberty!” (violinello *obligato*, Mr Pettit), the jubilant “From mighty Kings,” and “Wise men flattering,” the gifted Swedish songstress proved herself, not for the first time, a Handelian singer of the right stamp, equal to all the requirements demanded from her as simply a vocalist, while entering into the spirit of the text with an earnestness that could only be the result of strong sympathy. In each of the airs she received applause as hearty as it was unanimous. The bass music was allotted to Mr Santley, to hear whom, if only in the recitative and air, “The Lord worketh wonders,” would have been worth a visit to Albert Hall. It must suffice to add that the other singers were Mme Trebelli, Mr Hanson, Misses Annie Sinclair and Hoare. To name Mme Trebelli is equivalent to say that the contralto music was sung in perfection. The orchestra and chorus left nothing to desire, the former, being strengthened—which is always the case with the “Jewish Oratorio,” as it used to be styled—by a military band (that of the Coldstream Guards). Mr Joseph Barnby conducted the entire performance with the readiness and authority of a practised adept.

A CONCERT was given by Mr William Carter at the Royal Albert Hall, on Saturday evening last, under the auspices of St George and St William (y'clept Shakspeare), at which “all the talents” of the concert room assisted. The artists were Mmes Trebelli, Edith Wynne, and Antoinette Sterling; Misses Agnes Larkcom, Anna Williams, and Helen Meason; Messrs Vernon Rigby, Joseph Maas, Redfern Hollins, Maybrick; and Sig. Frassini. The “festival” opened with a performance of the “Dead March in *Saul*,” a tribute to the memory of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. A lengthened programme of English ballads, old and new, was rendered in a most artistic manner, as will be taken for granted, by a mere enumeration of the artists “assisting.” A new song, “What the waves said” (Carter), was beautifully rendered by Mme Trebelli, and will doubtless become popular. Encores were the rule, but only in two cases were they responded to. Miss Larkcom, in “Lo! here the gentle lark” (flute *obligato*, sweetly rendered by Mr Brockett), had to appear three times, and bow acknowledgments, but the audience insisted on its repetition. Mr Joseph Maas had also to repeat Balfe's “Then you'll remember me,” in answer to persistent demands; but Mr Carter had to make an earnest appeal to the audience to desist from encores, that the concert might be finished within a reasonable time, which appeal was wisely responded to. Where all did so well, it is unnecessary to enter on details, suffice it to say that the term “Grand English Festival” used by its promoters was thoroughly realized. The concert was by no means so well patronized as it ought to have been, doubtless owing to a variety of causes, known to every amateur. The choir, under the leadership of Mr Carter, gave evidence of sound training, and the band of H.M. Scots Guards, under the direction of Mr J. P. Clarke, afforded valuable aid during the evening. The conductors were Mr Wm. Carter, Mr Edwin J. Bending (who also presided at the organ), and Mr J. C. Clarke, bandmaster, Scots Guards.—WEISTAR.

GUILDHALL ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Proof that City patronage of music, as exemplified in this institution, is not without good results, was afforded on Saturday afternoon, when a choral and orchestral concert took place in the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor attending. Every seat in the grand old room was occupied by an audience obviously pleased with what they heard, and disposed to give the amateur performers all needful encouragement. We shall not proffer criticism which, under the circumstances, would be out of place, but may fitly congratulate Mr Weist Hill, the conductor and principal of the Guildhall School of Music, upon the result of his labours. The large orchestra attempted one or two pieces somewhat beyond its present means, but in Mr Hill's new humorous overture, *Gog and Magog*, and in pieces by Bizet and Delibes, the performers fairly deserved the plaudits they received. Their conductor had evidently not wasted his skill upon incompetent students. The vocal music comprised several choruses, which were sung with taste and precision, while the soloists more or less justified the prominence they were allowed to assume. Considering what a recent thing is Corporation-fostered music, the Fathers of the City may well be of good heart as to the future, and as to their ultimate right to claim the reward of those who encourage art in deed and not in word only. A concert in the Guildhall! What must the City giants have thought of the phenomenon?—T. E.

MUSICAL UNION.—Having directed this institution for thirty-six years, Mr Ella retired from it at the close of last season, and handed over his responsibilities to M. Lasserre, the well-known violoncellist, the change being accompanied by the resignation of Sir Henry Gore Booth, Bart., chairman, and two members of the committee. As, however, the place of Sir Henry was taken by the Earl of Dunmore, and the remaining vacancies were filled by the Earl of Lathom and Sir Richard Wallace, the aristocratic prestige of the society suffered no abatement. The governing body now consists of a duke, four earls, a viscount, three barons, three baronets, an honourable, and a member of Parliament to represent the commonalty. That the enterprise he founded continues its career, even after his withdrawal, under such exalted auspices, is, probably, a great comfort to Mr Ella, and an equal cause of congratulation to his successor. The first concert under M. Lasserre's direction took place in St James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and proved to be quite worthy of a Society which—to its honour we say it—has always aimed at high things, and ranged itself beneath the standard of true art. Haydn's favourite Quartet in G (Op. 54) opened the proceedings, followed by Rubinstein's Pianoforte Trio in B flat (Op. 52), Beethoven's Quartet in F (Op. 18), and Schumann's “Carneval,” for pianoforte alone. These works are all too well known to make their discussion necessary here. We may, therefore, limit our remarks to the interpretation they received. The quartets were played by M. Paul Viardot, who will be remembered as having made a favourable impression in London some seasons ago; M. Wiener, one of our most able and

respected resident professors; M. Van Waefelghem, a leading member of our principal orchestras; and M. Lasserre, about whose powers as a violoncellist nothing need be said. That these artists, however capable, should show the perfect mutual understanding acquired by long association was not to be expected. Their performance, however, possessed many good points, and did justice to the important works in hand. The pianist, a *débutant*, M. Alfred Reisenauer, a pupil of Liszt's, is said to be only eighteen years of age. M. Reisenauer is, in all respects, a remarkable performer, and one who bids fair to continue the line of great executants upon his instrument. This fact both Rubinstein's trio and Schumann's fanciful little pieces enabled him to set beyond a doubt. We, of course, wait to hear him in well-known classical works before giving an opinion as to his possession of an artist's highest qualities. As to this, however, there is reason to hope for the best. So young a man could not display the excellence that commanded general admiration on Tuesday without being something more than a master of the key-board. M. Reisenauer's future appearances will be watched with interest.—D. T.

TUFNELL PARK CHORAL SOCIETY.—Sullivan's sacred musical drama, *The Martyr of Antioch*, was given by this society at St George's Church Room, Tufnell Park, on Tuesday evening, April 26. With one exception, the solos were taken by members of the society, numbering between eighty and ninety voices. The work was well received, several pieces being encored. Those calling for special mention were: "Come, Margarita, come," sung by Mr Alfred Smith; "For Thou didst die for me," sung by Miss Hoare; the solo and chorus, "Io Pœan," solo by Miss Philips; the quartet, "Have mercy;" and the funeral anthem, "Brother, thou art gone before us." Messrs Frank L. Thomas and F. Partridge played the accompaniments on two grand pianofortes, Mr W. Henry Thomas conducting in his accustomed able manner.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The second concert of the series (sixty-seventh since the formation of the society) took place on Wednesday evening, April 21, at the Aberdeen Gallery, Schumann's compositions forming the opening section of the programme. The instrumental compositions included the Trio, Op. 63, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played by MM. Hause, Otto Booth, and Schunberth; a solo on the violoncello, "Abendlied" (Herr Schubert), encored, and the "Carnaval," by Rickard. The songs included "Memories," sung by Miss Roberts, and "Haunting Bell," by Mdlle Doré-Desvigne. The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Rubinstein's Trio, Op. 15, No. 1. The members who appeared for the first time were Miss Beatrice Wade and Mr Walter Joy (who has a pleasing tenor voice), and Miss Evelyn Kingsley (pianist). The hall was very full and the concert highly appreciated.

CHARLES HALLÉS RECITALS.

Once more we are promised the Beethoven Sonatas—a thrice welcome visitation just now. But what else is our revered Hallé about to give us? Nothing less than the *Well-Tempered-Clavier*—the immortal 48 Preludes and Fugues of the immortal "John Sebastian!" How Bach and Beethoven will consort may be easily imagined by those who love them best.

FERNANDA TEDESCA.

Ubi?

"UNCLE BILLY."

Patience has been running all the week, and is likely to go on running till it reaches Penzance, and shakes hands with *H.M.S. Pinafore* and the *Pirates*, who "stick at nothing."

In answer to a request from the city of Rome that Verdi would allow his opera of *Otello* to be first produced here, that composer, writing to the Syndic, declares that the reports concerning such an opera are devoid of truth, and that he has not as yet written a single note.

NEW YORK.—The arrangements for the Grand Musical Festival are so far settled that the performances are to come off on the evenings of the 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 7th May, and the afternoons of the 4th, 5th, and 7th. The band will number 250 musicians, the chorus, 1,200 men, 1,200 women, and 250 boys.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company terminated their engagement at the Theatre Royal on Saturday with *Carmen*. The *Cull* was given on Thursday, *The Lily of Killarney* on Saturday. Miss Hope Glenn and Herr Kuhe were the attractions at the Royal Aquarium concert on Saturday morning, and Miss Ronayne during the week just concluded. A concert was given on Friday se'ennight, in the banquetting rooms of the Royal Pavilion, by some well known amateurs in aid of the Destitute Orphan Boys' Home. The proceeds amounted to about £70. A concert of sacred music was also held at Christ Church Lecture Hall, on behalf of George Maybanks, aged 88, who had recently lost an only daughter, his chief support.

SALISBURY.—The Choral Society of this town gave an excellent performance of Sir Michael Costa's *Elis*, on the evening of Tuesday, April 26. The chorus and band, under the direction of Mr Aylward, were numerous and efficient. Mr Lewis Thomas undertook the part of *Elis*, and Mr Hanson that of the Philistine warrior. Miss Aylward sang the air, "I will extol Thee," in a manner so brilliant as to increase her reputation with those familiar with her merits, and to excite surprise in those to whom she had hitherto been a stranger. Miss Spencer Jones, her fellow-pupil at the Royal Academy, gave a rendering of the music of Samuel, replete with simplicity and devotional feeling. Sir Michael's work pleased so much as to induce the Committee to put his later oratorio, *Naaman*, in rehearsal.

BIRMINGHAM.—The sixth series of performances by "Acock's Green Amateur Club," was inaugurated on Friday and Saturday last, by the production of two operatic works, both "for the first time on any stage." The first was an operetta, in one act, entitled *Prizes and Blanks*, being an adaptation by Coombe Davies of the farce of *The Lottery Ticket*, ably set to music by Otto Booth. The musical numbers consist of an overture and thirteen vocal pieces, including an unaccompanied trio, two quartets, a quintet, &c., interspersed with amusing dialogue. The music is tuneful, and is pretty equally divided between the five characters—Capias, a lawyer (baritone); Wormwood, his clerk (bass); Charles, a sailor (tenor); Susan, a maid of all work (soprano); and Mrs Corset, a milliner (contralto). After an interval the curtain rose upon an "operatic cantata," in three scenes, called *The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*, founded on a romantic ballad of the thirteenth century, narrating the fortunes of Sir Simon de Montfort and his daughter after the unsuccessful revolt of the barons against Henry III. The characters represented are Sir Simon, Bessie (his daughter), Walter (a young knight), three young gallants, the hostess of Romford hostelry, a mendicant friar, a watchman, and a chorus of citizens, serving-maidens, varlets, and wedding guests. The scenes are—1, a market-place at Bethnal Green; 2, exterior of hostelry at Romford; 3, interior of the same, representing a marriage-feast. The music, by Adolph Gollnick, is admirably suited to the subject, and flows continuously from the beginning to the end of each scene. There are, nevertheless, set-songs for the principal voices, and a charming specimen of the inevitable soprano and tenor duet occurs in the second scene. The overture and the accompaniments to both works were rendered by a band of about eighteen performers; and the pieces were produced with appropriate scenery, dresses, and all the accessories that the amateur stage can boast. The performances of this club are of a semi-private character, admission being restricted to members and their friends; and the performers are amateurs, local and otherwise. Criticism would, therefore, be out of place, but such an entertainment as was given at Acock's Green last Friday and Saturday might fairly appeal to a wider audience than that which filled the Public Hall each evening.—*Birmingham Daily Post*, 5th April, 1881.

ST ANDREWS.—The concert given by the lately formed University Musical Society afforded general gratification. A chorus of about fifty students, with an orchestra selected from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee, attracted a large audience to hear the following programme:—

PART 1.—Students' Song, "Gaudemus igitur"; Overture, *Alexander's Feast* (Handel); Trio and Chorus, "Glorious Apollo" (S. Webbe); Catch, "I was you, sir" (Earl of Mornington); Chorus, "Sword Song" (Weber); Song, "Gott mit dir" (J. L. Roedel); Chorus, "Hearts of Oak" (Boyce); Trio, "Winds gently whisper" (Whittaker); Chorus, "It was a Friar of Orders Grey" (Calcott).

PART 2.—Overture, *Gazza Ladra* (Rossini); Quartet and Chorus, "Hail to the Chief" (Bishop); Song, "I am a Pirate King" (Sullivan); National Melodies in Chorus:—(a) "Ye banks and braes," (b) "The boatie rows," (c) "Here's to the year that's awa'"; Choral Song, "The Troubadour" (H. S. Oakley); Two Duets, "I would that my love," "O wert thou in the

could blast" (Mendelssohn); Song, "The Gauntlet" (H. J. Stark); Opera Chorus, "Fair shines the moon to-night" (Verdi); Festival March, "Edinburgh" (H. S. Oakeley).

All these pieces were favourably received, and many of them were encored. The students made a good appearance, having been well trained by one of their own ranks, Mr Gordon, Hon. Sec. The band was supplemented by a harmonium, played on by Mr Freeman, organist to the Episcopal Church, and a grand pianoforte, at which an Edinburgh student presided. The conductor was Professor Sir Herbert Oakeley, at the conclusion of whose Festival March, Principal Sharp spoke as follows:—

"It is my pleasing duty to offer to Sir Herbert Oakeley, to the students of the Musical Society, and to all the members of the orchestra, our warmest thanks for the pleasure they have to-night given us. It is rare indeed—I may say never before—that we have in this place been allowed to listen to a musical performance in which so many and so various elements have been harmoniously combined—the voices of students in solo and chorus, upborne by so powerful and splendid an orchestra, and the whole directed and animated by the inspiring presence of such a master of his art. Our University Musical Society had fallen into a somewhat languid condition—if not into a state of actual hibernation. From this torpor the kind offer of Sir Herbert Oakeley to visit us, and his coming here has, like the touch of spring, revived it, and the first-fruits of his visit are what you have listened to to-night. For years Sir Herbert has been engaged in the great work of trying to bring the higher and more cultivated music into contact with the heart of Scotland, awakening the musical sense within us, expanding our conception of its range and elevating its tone. The somewhat too stern stuff we Scots are made of needs this benign influence to soften, sweeten, and refine us. After years of labour in the central seat of Scotland, Sir Herbert has now begun to go forth to its extremities, and having during this session visited the Universities of Glasgow and of Aberdeen, he has now reached the seclusion of St Andrews. Who can say how widely the movement he has inaugurated in our universities may yet reach, and what it may yet do for our country? We are not altogether an unmusical people as our national melodies prove. But hard and adverse circumstances and stiff prejudices have hitherto repressed our musical powers within very narrow limits. The highest form of all music, that connected with religious devotion, has hitherto been non-existent among us. For three centuries and more we have been content in our churches to snivel discordant sounds through our noses. In St Andrews and throughout Scotland this is the only church music we have had since the day when we chose to tear down and desecrate our grand Metropolitan Cathedral, and to trample under foot the mediæval chants and hallowed harmonies, with their awful beauty. Of that ignorant violence we are beginning to repent, and what we have heard to-night may be but the first thrill of a movement which shall reach back across three centuries, and revive whatever is sublime and soul-subduing in that religious music which we so ruthlessly cast out. Those who this morning had the privilege of listening to Sir Herbert's recital on the organ in the English Church will appreciate what I mean.—'One heart-enobling hour!' As they listened they were lifted above the cobwebs of common-place and the meanness of the world, and were for a time at least, conscious of 'those mysterious stirrings of heart' which the great preacher speaks of—'those strange yearnings after they know not what, and awful impressions they know not whence, which the touch of the master's hand then elicited. I could not but wish that this hall had contained an organ, so that Sir Herbert might himself have closed his concert with some such harmony as we heard to-day on his special instrument. That, too, may yet come. Meanwhile let us be thankful for all that we have now enjoyed, and express our hope that this may be but the first of many such visits by Sir Herbert to our ancient city, in which he may carry on to perfection the work he has so auspiciously begun. Allow me, Sir Herbert Oakeley, once more in the name of this large assembly to tender you our warmest thanks for all your exertions to-night, and for the enjoyment you have given us."

Sir Herbert Oakeley, returning thanks in brief and appropriate terms, spoke of the pleasure he had experienced in coming to St Andrews. Indeed, the occasion was altogether gratifying and will not be readily forgotten.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

MUNICH.—The scenes of special performances this year at the Theatre Royal with the King of Bavaria as sole "public" are drawing to a close. The operas were *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, *Die Zauberflöte*, and *Raimondin*.

HAMBURG.—It will be decided in the course of May whether the management of the Stadttheater remains in the present hands. Pollini makes his retention dependent on the guarantee of a reserve fund of 300,000 marks.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Forty candidates are already contending for the prize offered by the Corporation for the best opera. The judges will be Ferdinand Hiller, Goltermann, and Jahn (of Vienna).

The late Mr Sothern.

(Photograph Facsimile.)

1, Vere Street,
Cavendish Square.

L. S.
had just-
opened yr letter
name of
our dog for
a Box -
John
Sothern

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The grand feature at the last concert of the 25th series was the Ninth Symphony ("Choral") of Beethoven, a finer performance of which Mr Manns had never given—and how much that signifies need hardly be told. To Misses Marriott and Orridge, Messrs Boyle and King, good musicians all, were confided the solo vocal parts in the "Ode to Joy." Herr Waldemayr, the violinist, played Spohr's *Scena Cantante* ("Dramatic Concerto," as it is generally styled) and Paganini's perpetual *Moto Perpetuo*; Misses Marriott and Orridge singing airs respectively by Mozart and Haydn in their best manner. The concert began with the overture to *Prometheus*, during the conception of which Beethoven, in his dreams, must have been conversing familiarly with Mozart. At Mr Manns' customary benefit concert, to-day, the programme, rich in variety and interest, comprises, among other things, the two overtures written by Johannes Brahms when made "Doctor" at the University of Bremen; Beethoven's E flat pianoforte concerto, to be played by Mr Franz Rummel; a "Polka Chinoise" by Rossini (the inveterate joker); and a violin solo by Mdlle Babette Lobach, her first appearance. That Mr Manns' will have a "bumper" there can be little doubt. He well deserves it.—Hoch!

W. B.

A MARBLE bust of Wagner has been erected in the saloon of the Stadttheater at Leipsic.

BEETHOVEN'S LATER YEARS.*

(Continued from page 260.)

THE SONG OF THE SWAN.

When the Quartet in B flat (Op. 130) was finished, Holz told Beethoven he considered it the best of all those the latter had just written. "Each possesses its value in its own style," replied the Master proudly. He subsequently avowed, however, that he entertained a preference for the Quartet in C sharp minor. When the first of these works was performed at Schuppanzigh's concerts, Holz went off to the composer who was waiting in a neighbouring wine shop to hear what was the impression produced on the public. Holz told him that the audience ecored the part in B flat minor and that in G major. "Good!" said Beethoven, "they flung themselves on the tit-bits first." The part, however, of this Quartet which he set above every other was the cavatina in E flat. He composed it during the summer of 1825, and confessed that when doing so he had been unable to restrain his tears. "Never," he added, "did any other melody emanating from my pen have such an effect on me or cause me such profound emotion." Finally, in his last conversation-book we read, traced by an unknown hand, the words:—"The public did not like your Quartet, interpreted at Schuppanzigh's concert." Whereupon Beethoven wrote down the proud reply:—"They will take to it some day or other. I know my value; I know I am an artist!" This unshakeable conviction, this profound faith in his works, is a feeling posterity at last shares. For a long time, it is true, artists by profession as well as the profane, refused to pay homage to Beethoven's last Quartets. The thoughts were too strong, the form was too bold not to clash with the spirit of routine by which men of the most sincere mind sometimes unconsciously allow themselves to be swayed. But the mist which seemed to envelop the Master's ideas and was to be pierced only by the initiated, has been suddenly dispersed before the radiant brilliancy of genius. We now understand what the Master wished to say and read fluently this latest production, which may well be termed his artistic testament. He wrote the concluding pages at his brother's place at Gneixendorf. Holz assures us that the Quartet in F was finished towards the end of September, that is to say, before the composer's departure for Vienna, but it was only twelve days after his arrival at Cain Castle—he was accustomed to call his brother Cain—that Beethoven informed Haslinger, the publisher, that he should soon forward him the manuscript. On the 30th October, Johann himself took it to Vienna. It was not till later, till the middle of November, that the finale destined to replace the fugue originally terminating the Quartet in B was forwarded to the publisher, and published under the Opus number 133. Schindler asserts that this piece is the last which ever came from the composer's pen. But he appears to be in error. According to Herr Nohl, Beethoven's supreme inspiration is the Adagio of the Quartet in F: "*lento assai e cantante tranquillo*." I consider it useless to take part in the discussion, but I should feel inclined to side with Herr Nohl. At any rate, by the ideal finish of its form, by the supernatural and well nigh divine character of its thoughts, this heavenly cantilena may well be considered the "Song of the Swan."

FINIS TRAGEDIAE.

The month of November, 1826, arrived. Beethoven, tired out by the annoyances he suffered from Johann and his wife, spoke repeatedly of leaving Gneixendorf. The formalities, however, connected with his nephew's enlistment not being completed, he hesitated about returning to Vienna, lest he might bring something disagreeable on the youth and cause him to be molested by the police. He resigned himself, therefore, to circumstances, and resolved to prolong a visit which was both disagreeable and prejudicial to his health, when a more than usually violent quarrel compelled him to pack up his things. The cause was again the accursed youth whom the unfortunate Master, despite such rough and sad lessons, could not make up his mind to cut off from his affection. Anxious about his nephew's future, he wanted to oblige Johann to make a will in the young man's favour, and the obstinate refusal of his avaricious relative completely unhinged him. He swore he would not remain a single day longer in the house

and, as his brother refused to lend him his coach, he set out in a wretched chaise, open to every wind, in awful weather and with an icy north wind. It was not long ere he had to pay for his imprudence. Half way on his road, he felt so ill that he was obliged to stop despite himself and pass the night in the garret of a miserable inn. Scarcely had he gone to bed before he began trembling with fever. Tortured by a burning thirst, he drank several glasses, one after another, of cold water, but, far from easing him, they brought on a dry, hoarse cough, which seemed to tear his chest. Full of anxiety, he watched for the first glimmer of day, and would scarcely wait till the horse was put to before he again got into the chaise, for he felt he had to make haste if he would reach the end of his journey alive. It was in this state that he arrived in Vienna and resumed possession of his lodgings in the Schwarzschanerhaus; he was, alas! doomed never to leave them again, except for the abode of eternal repose. His first thought was, of course, to send for Braunhofer and Staudenheim, the medical men in the habit of attending him. The former sent back an answer to the effect that Beethoven's new lodgings lay beyond the radius of his visits; the second promised to come but did not keep his word. Unfortunately, Breuning, detained at his office by the work for the end of the year, and Schindler, ignorant of the master's return, were not there to aid him with their affectionate solicitude. Alarmed at beholding himself thus abandoned, the master desired his nephew to find some other doctor and send him as soon as possible. The fact will doubtless appear monstrous, but is rigorously historical: instead of doing what he was told, Carl ran off to a wine-shop; then, recollecting his errand, between two cannons, he handed it over to the billiard-marker, whom he entrusted with the task of sending a doctor to the unfortunate great man, who lay awaiting impatiently and in anguish the succour of art. By a concatenation of truly fatal circumstances, the marker, also, forgot the errand he had promised to perform. It was not till he hurt himself two days subsequently that he recalled the fact to his mind, and it was on going to the hospital to get his hurt dressed that he informed the surgeon of the unfortunate composer's sad condition. It was thus that Dr Andreas Wawruch found his way to the bed-side of him who wrote the Ninth Symphony.

Wawruch, who, it appears, was not without skill in his speciality, possessed no experience or knowledge in matters connected with medicine strictly so-called. Never having seen Beethoven, he was acquainted neither with his constitution nor temperament. The catarrh caught by the Master on the road, and the darting pains, of which he complained, in the side, caused Wawruch to look upon the case as one of the respiratory organs, whereas the patient was really suffering from peritonitis. Being a great partisan of drugs, and always eager to prescribe them, Dr Wawruch overwhelmed his unhappy patient with syrups, julep, and laxatives, which robbed him of the best part of his strength. In the space of a few days, Sali, Beethoven's last servant, was enabled to collect eighty phials with which, eager to secure the two kreutzers given for each empty one, she ran off to the chemist's. This characteristic trait is related by Dr Gerhard von Breuning, the son of Beethoven's old friend. Gerhard von Breuning, from whom we shall borrow several details in this account of our hero's last illness, tells us facts of which he was an eye-witness, for, then scarcely adolescent, he had the sad honour of assisting the Master in his suffering and of stopping with him to the eve of his death.

Meanwhile, Dr Wawruch's treatment was scarcely calculated to arrest the disease. It was not long before the patient's condition grew worse, and symptoms of dropsy began to be unmistakable. About the middle of December the belly was so swollen up that tapping was urgently requisite. Without waiting to be pressed, Beethoven resigned himself to the indispensable operation, which was skilfully performed by Dr Seibert. He even had the courage to joke about his situation. "Doctor," he said to the Surgeon, "you resemble Moses, who, with his iron rod, caused water to burst forth from the rock." And, when he was relieved from the mass of water which had been stifling him, he said to those around, "It is better, after all, that the water should flow from my side than from my pen." After Dr Seibert had performed the operation, there was a slight amelioration evident in the patient's condition, and Beethoven took advantage of it to dictate a letter to his publisher, relative to the metronomization of the Ninth Symphony, then being engraved; but the respite

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

was of short duration, and the serous fluid again began to infiltrate into the tissues. This new attack of the disease acutely affected his imagination and inspired him with a presentiment of a fatal ending. He was worried, too, at seeing himself pinned down to his bed and at thinking that, even if he could hope to be cured, he should be condemned to inaction for many a long month to come. How was he to meet the expense of his medical treatment, and what resources had he to pay for his enforced holiday? These thoughts were continually present to his mind and caused him cruel anxiety. It is true that he had economised a few crowns at the epoch of the Congress of Vienna, and the money, converted into shares of the National Bank of Austria, was slumbering in a secret drawer. But he would have done anything almost rather than touch this reserve, and, in his most pressing necessities, he had had the courage to respect it. He looked upon this little fortune as a sacred deposit which he intended to transmit to his nephew, who certainly was scarcely worthy of such devotion and attachment. Desirous, however, of putting his affairs in order and of being prepared for all, he collected all his strength and, on the 3rd January, 1827, wrote his lawyer, Dr Bach, the following note, as the expression of his last wishes:

"My honourable Friend, I declare, at the approach of death, that I make my dearly beloved nephew, Carl van Beethoven, my universal legatee. In consequence, I give him all my goods and the totality of my property, particularly six Bank shares, which will be found in my estate. If the law prescribes any modification of my wishes, I ask you to take every means of favouring my heir's interests. I appoint you his guardian and beg you, in conjunction with Councillor von Breuning, to undertake the task of watching over the boy and of accepting my paternal authority, which I delegate to you. God preserve you."

Five days after this will, poor Beethoven had to undergo another operation. Performed as on the first occasion, it once more set free an extraordinary quantity of liquid. He submitted with resignation to the sad necessity, but, alas! without giving way to any illusion. Besides, he had no confidence in the skill of his medical man, and the only hope left him was in Dr Malfatti, who had been repeatedly, but fruitlessly, begged to come and see him. An old friend of Beethoven's, Malfatti, whom we have met in the course of this narrative, still had a grudge against the Master from one of the quarrels which had caused them to break off violently their friendly intercourse. He did not, moreover, like supplanting Dr Wawruch and showed an amount of discretion that was really excessive lest he should wound his colleague's susceptibility. On seeing, however, his friend's anguish, Stephan von Breuning resolved to make one more attempt with the rancorous Æsculapius, and entreated him so touchingly as to move him. Malfatti consented to attend a consultation. When Malfatti appeared at the bedside, Beethoven's thin face lighted up with a ray of hope. He seemed as though the friend thus restored to him brought strength and health in his train. Malfatti perceived the ravages produced by peritonitis, and saw at a glance the error committed by Dr Wawruch, whose debilitating treatment had reduced poor Beethoven to a state of extreme debility. He endeavoured to combat this treatment by tonics, and, especially ordered punch sorbets. The specific operated as though by enchantment, and, for some days, our hero was rendered quite lively again by it. He felt so well that he began working once more at his Tenth Symphony, the novelty of which, he said, would surprise the world. Unfortunately, the amelioration was only transient and the water which again invaded the patient's body necessitated a third operation. The latter was performed on the 2nd February, and this time, despite Malfatti's assurances, Beethoven felt that Death had marked him out for the sacrifice and would not let go her victim.

(To be continued.)

MR MAPLESON is on his way to London, to complete all his arrangements for the forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

PRAGUE.—Franz Uim, musical critic of the *Bohemia*, died here a short time since. Born in 1811, he studied law, but subsequently abandoned it for art. Uim, after a lengthened tour, as pianist with Ole Bull, through Russia, became highly popular in his native town as a professor of the piano.

WAIFS.

An operahouse is building in London—Canada.

M. Saint-Saëns has been playing at Strassburgh.

Marconi (tenor) is engaged for next season at St Petersburg.

Anton Dvorak is composing an opera, to be called *Demetrius*.

The Phalera Theatre, Athens, has been burnt to the ground.

Henschel's *Schöne Melusine* has been applauded at Hamburg.

Sarasate, the Iberian violinist, has been giving concerts in Madrid.

Genet's comic opera, *Le Cadet de Marine*, has been performed at Rouen.

The Summer Concerts at Waux-Hall, Brussels, commence on Monday.

Luigi Mancinelli is appointed director at the Liceo Musicale, Bologna.

Sixty societies are entered for the International Musical Competition at Turin.

The season at the San Carlo, Naples, comes to an end, to-morrow, with *Rigoletto*.

Signorina Turolla has cancelled her agreement with the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The Trieste police have forbidden the representation of Cossa's *Napolitani del 1799*.

Franz Liszt arrived in Berlin on the 23rd inst., and Wagner was expected on the 29th.

A new oratorio, *Moses op den Nijl*, by Emil Wambach, has been produced at Antwerp.

Milne Hedwig Rolandt, the vocalist, took leave of the Wiesbaden public on the 28th inst.

Emile Sauret, the violinist, played at the last concert of the Harmonie-Gesellschaft, Dresden.

Pilade Mattolini has succeeded the late Bruni as violin professor at the R. Istituto Musicale, Florence.

Signora Giuseppina Musiani has been created an honorary member of the Philharmonic Academy, Bologna.

The Vocal Association, Dantzic, under the direction of Dr Fuchs, recently gave Kiel's oratorio, *Christus*.

Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* has been performed in Hanover, for the benefit of the Theatre Royal Pousion Fund.

Ricordi's Milan firm carried off the First Prize in the Musical Section at the International Exhibition, Melbourne.

Mdlle Kolma, of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Mannheim, has been singing at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

The tenth anniversary of the Musical Union, Wiener-Neustadt, was celebrated by a performance of Haydn's *Creation*.

At the second performance of *Jean de Nivelle*, in Vienna, the recitatives were replaced by the original spoken dialogue.

Giovanni Ferreira de Veiga, a barytone, brother of the Portuguese composer, Viconte d'Arneiro, has died in Milan, aged thirty-six.

A concert of sacred music, historically arranged, was held on Maundy Thursday in the large room of the Accademia Filarmonica, Turin.

The Association for Church Music in Cologne have given a performance of Gouvy's *Stabat Mater* and of the second part of Nicolai's oratorio, *Bonifacius*.

The amount of insurance on the Theatre lately destroyed by fire at Montpelier was 730,000 francs; 650,000 for the building, and 80,000 for the fittings.

Sig. Graffigna's *Duchessa di San Giuliano*, first produced sixteen years since in Paris, was lately performed with much success at the Teatro Rossini, Leghorn.

Joseffy, supported by an orchestra of 100 musicians, under the direction of Theodor Thomas, gave a concert on the 20th inst., at the Academy of Music, New York.

The thirteenth and fourteenth numbers of H. Viotta's *Lexicon der Toonkunst*, just issued by Böhmann and Roothaan, Amsterdam, extend from "Geluideleer" to "Handel."

The post of Organist and Professor of Music to Highgate School, vacant by the appointment of Mr Luard-Selby to Salisbury Cathedral, has been conferred upon Mr Thos. Worsley Staniforth.

Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, began on the 18th inst. a fortnight's farewell engagement at the Globe Theatre, Boston (U.S.). He will also give four performances at the Academy of Music, New York, beginning on the 9th May.

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